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A N

A D D R E S S

To the Worshipful Company of

BARBERS in OXFORD;

Occasioned by

A late Infamous LIBEL, intituled,

The Barber and Fireworks,

A F A B L E,

Highly reflecting on one of the

Honourable M E M B E R S.

By a B A R B E R.

With Lies thou cuttest as with a sharp Razor. PSALM liii. Ver. 3.

OXFORD, Printed in the Year MDCCXLIX.

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(23)

A D D E S S

To the Worships

A D D E S S

Worshipful Company of BARBERS

At OXFORD

The Barber and his Apprentice

A D D E S S

Where, who may be seen on one of the reply?

The Answered Honorable M E M B E R S

You've gained by having of the College

By a B A R B E R

You'll not receive a Black?



Well

OXFORD, Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII

AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
Worshipful Company of BARBERS
in OXFORD, &c.

WHAT, shall a saucy rhyming Dunce,
Sirs,
Insult the noble Name of *Tonsors*?
Where, where's your Spirit? None reply?
Fie, ARNOLD, HOLMAN, KERBY, fie.
Ah, what avails the mighty Knowledge
You've gain'd by shaving of a College;
If, when a Scribbler dares to mock,
You'll not revenge a Brother Block?

WHY

B

Well,

Well, I'll attempt it, tho' to Rhyme
I ne'er try'd since I serv'd my Time.
I'll teach the Fellow how to joke—
But hold—What God must I invoke?—
APOLLO? No; for, as I've heard,
APOLLO never had a Beard.

Whoe'er thou art, then lend thine Aid,
Thou Patron of the shaving Trade,
Whose deathless Hand in Heav'n above
Trims the grey Pate of Father JOVE.
Let Wit in ev'ry Line be seen,
Bright as the Razor and as keen:
Smooth let them run as Oil, or rather
As soapy, slippery, frothy Lather.

Well

WHY

An ADDRESS, &c.

WHY would'st thou, pert officious Dribbler,
Leave *Wrangling* to commence a Scribbler?
To seek hard Terms in *Greek* or *Latin*,
Then vex your Brains to bring them pat in?
Of *Vertic* talk and *Pyrotechny*,
And *Conniseurs*,—enough to sicken ye?
But tell me, Scribbler, if thou'rt able,
Why is thy Libel call'd a *Fable*?—
A *Fable*!—shall I tell thee why?—
Because we know 'tis all—a LIE.

Better in Pulpit take Occasion
To rail at Mayor and Corporation;
Better with vile Abuse to fall
On little JOE, Vice-Principal;

C

Better

6 *An* ADDRESS, &c.

Better at *BAGGE'S* waste your Time,
And there in amorous Sonnets rhyme;
Or, lodg'd in solitary Garret,
Better write paultry *Odes* for *BARRET*.

But if your Spleen must needs have vent,
Why all on *LAWRY HORNAR* spent?
Why *STUART*, or why *BRICKLAND* spar'd?
For they the Engineering shar'd.
Why at the *Tonfor* levell'd solely?
Why none at Brother *Bibliopola*?
Ah, thou hadst never dar'd to sneer
At *STE*, facetious Auctioneer;
For *STE*'s the archest *Wag* in Town,
And punning *PARKER* he'll outpun.

Behold

Behold each *Barber*, how expert,
How spruce, how witty, and alert!
With what an easy Grace they shave!
Their Hair how jauntily they weave!
From lofty WASE with tragick Pace,
Down to SIR BAS with fiery Face.

Search ev'ry Trade, you'll no where find
Artists so useful to Mankind;
So knowing in their several Stations,
So various in their Occupations.
Bass CLEMENTS, tho' a dextrous Shaver,
Is still more dextrous at a Quaver.
Hark, the loud Anthem when he sings,
The ecchoing Choir harmonious rings;

And

8 *An* ADDRESS, &c.

And happy TRINITY can tell,
How great his Worth as *Manciple*.

To MAGDALEN HALL, illustrious Domus,
^AKEENE serves as *Tonsor* and as *Promus*;
Great HORNER too with equal Fame
At EXETER performs the same,
That very Hand, which mows their Heads,
Deals out their Butter and their Bread.

To painted Peruke and long Pole
JO. FEWLER joins a gilded Scroll;
Whose Lines declare, his House is handy
For Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Rum, Brandy.
And *Scholars* say, he's not a worse Man
Than FERTNEM, or the smart JAMES HORSMAN.

But

To broach a Vein of *NURSE* what Need?
We Barbers can as nicely bleed.
Yield, 'Pothecaries, Surgeons, yield,
Let *WEBB* the pointed Launcet wield;
Unequal'd *WEBB*, whom all agree:
T' excel—in Nets and Poetry.
Oh, could my Muse sublimely soar,
Like thine, which thus adorns thy Door,

“ A Superflu^s Hollow Stump or tooth

“ is displac'd Here to y^e truth”

Then should she live to endless Time,
And future Barbers bless my Rhyme.

D

Yet

To

10 *An ADDRESS, &c.*

Yet these great Arts, confin'd to one,
Are center'd not in W-BB alone:
Sage P-TT-R too from aching Jaw
Teeth rotten with a Touch can draw;
Sage P-TT-R, on whose azure Sign
See golden OPERATOR shine;
Where erst, in Capitals confest
(So Fame reports) stood OCULIST.

BUT hold—let C-XH-D share my Praise,
Whose potent Liquor swells my Lays.
Ungrateful Muse! now Ill beshrew her,
Should she forget our famous Brewer;
They'd think, that I, poor Poet, ne'er
Had tasted C-XH-D's fine OLD BEER.

To

An ADDRESS, &c. II

To tell each Barber's Merit, I
Should set down all our Company.
Why then wouldst thou at *Tonsors* rail,
Vile Scribbler, with malicious Tale?
Thy Caxen sure is old and rusty,
And for a new one they'll not trust thee.

Now learn, and dread thy fatal Doom:
When next rejoicing Night shall come,
Thy *Fable* shall a Rocket bind,
Or round a mazy Serpent wind.
Spite of its natural Gravity,
Thy Nonsense then shall mounting fly,
His, bounce, crack, fire, smoke, stink, and dye.

BUT

BUT thou, great HERNER, never fear
 An empty Scribbler's envious Sneer.
 What Hand, like thine, so lightly shaves;
 Like thine, the various Peruke weaves;
 The spruce curl'd Bob for sprightly Beau,
 Or solemn Doctor's learned Flow:
 E'en BAYLYS must his *Browns* resign,
 And KILBY'S *Grizzles* yield to thine.

F I N I S